

NATURAL FAULTS:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS WRITTEN

By WILLIAM EARLE, JUNIOR:

SO LIKE

FIRST FAULTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS DE CAMP,
THAT THE READER WILL IMMEDIATELY
CONCLUDE IT IS THE SAME.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY EARLE AND HEMET,
FRITH-STREET, SOHO.

1799.

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11, N. B. STREET, 1800.

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P R E F A C E.

SOME paragraphs having been inserted in the daily papers, greatly injurious to my character, and very unpleasant to my family, I find myself compelled, in a manner, to print the following play. Conscious of its innumerable defects, I would never have ventured upon its publication, had not Miss De Camp, in a most peremptory manner, asserted that she was the authoress, and even, that some of the scenes had been written but within a few weeks of the representation. She offers to bring witnesses, and those of a most respectable character, that will prove the truth of her assertion; she absolutely denies all knowledge of the manuscript having been sent her; she upbraids me for my insolence, in daring to avow myself as the author of the piece; she threatens to prosecute me for this literary robbery,

bery, and bids me have a care how I hazard to publish what she calls her own production.

I sincerely lament the necessity I am under of contending with Miss De Camp.—I call it *necessity*, as offers were made to her, both by my father and me, of adjusting matters, so as to be nowise detrimental to either party: but, as she refuses, as she despises every kind of accommodation, for my own sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of my friends, I shall lay before the public the following

SIMPLE FACTS:

I wrote “NATURAL FAULTS” full two years ago. Ye, Critics! stay awhile your lash; withhold your censure, however merited, and deign to consider that I was only sixteen!! I publish this play, such as I wrote it then, with all its faults, and without the least alteration.

The plot was taken from that perhaps best novel in the English language, “The Man of Feeling.” The occasion was this:

I have

I have ever been fond of scribbling, and, although very young, innumerable are the scraps of paper, full of verses, fragments, dialogues, &c. &c. &c. which I have now in my possession; and which, though fit only for lighting the fire, I am, nevertheless, ready to show to any one, who can muster patience sufficient to read them. Some little time before this, I had written a sort of a *petite piece*, called "The Villagers," which I had sent *anonymously* to Mr. John Palmer. It so happened, however, that, having several times applied to him, by letter, for orders to the theatre, he, by these means, knew my hand-writing. The next time he saw me, he acknowledged the receipt of the piece, and was pleased to add, that he liked it very well. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Palmer asked me, if I would attempt to write a Comedy, and hinted at "The Man of Feeling," which I had lent him some time before, when a rumour had prevailed that Mr. Taylor was going to write a play from that novel. Mr. Palmer told me that he thought Mr. Taylor had given up all thoughts of it. I told Mr. Palmer that I did not feel myself equal to such an undertaking, and there the matter rested.

Yet,

Yet, the hint given me by Mr. Palmer made a strong impression upon me. I perused the novel—I fancied I could select a plot—the idea fired my imagination, and the thought of becoming the author of a play, and of a good one, since I was almost certain of Mr. Palmer's assistance, animated me to such a degree, that I instantly fell to work, and, after much scribbling and blotting, brought my play as far as the duel-scene. Here I was stopped—I wanted something more than an ordinary rencontre—but invention failed me. By good luck, I met with an old newspaper, in which I read an account of a meeting in Hyde Park between a father and a seducer, each of whom, equally unwilling to wound his antagonist, fired his pistols in the air. I caught hold of the idea, and instantly dramatized it. All the rest is my own.

Every one who was acquainted with the late Mr. Palmer knows, that, owing, either to his numerous occupations, or to some other cause, he was rather too negligent. My *petite pièce*, "The Villagers," he had promised to bring out for his benefit, but he never did. I desired him, last season, to send it to Miss De Camp; but he delayed it so long, that her benefit

benefit was, at length, fixed, and the play chosen—of course, it became too late for mine. “Natural Faults” fared the same fate—he never spoke to me about it; and, for my part, I perhaps durst not. Soon after, Mr. Palmer went into the country, whence he never returned!!!

But I wanted something to be done with “Natural Faults.” My vanity, which I hope will be deemed very excusable in a youth of seventeen, would not permit me to let it drop untried. Therefore, after some time had elapsed, I got a boy, to whom I gave a shilling, to carry it to Miss De Camp’s. I followed—stood on the opposite side of the street—and saw the boy knock at the house, when Miss Adelaide De Camp opened the door, and took the manuscript, together with a letter which I had written to her sister, under a feigned name.

Things remained in that situation till about September last, when, anxious to know whether my play was likely to come on, I called on Miss De Camp. She was not at home, I then wrote to her, desiring to know whether she would accept my *petite piece*,

“The Villagers,” for her benefit. No answer was returned. I wrote again—called myself, several times, at her house; and, at length, received a note from Miss Adelaide, by which she informed me, that her sister had received from a gentleman the manuscript of a play, which, if she had interest sufficient, she would bring out for her benefit—otherwise, she would accept of my *petite pièce*. This, at once, convinced me, that “Natural Faults” had been received, and would be brought forward; and, as my family knew that I had written a play, which I had sent to somebody, when I was again questioned upon the subject, I no longer made any scruple to declare that Miss De Camp had it, and intended to have it performed for her benefit.

All the above facts have been denied by Miss De Camp. She asserts that she never received any manuscript—that she wrote “FIRST FAULTS” herself—even that the duel-scene was composed three weeks only before the representation, &c. &c. &c.

Instances

Instances may be produced to prove that *one* idea may strike two or more persons. But is it natural to suppose, that such a coincidence of ideas as is to be found in "Natural Faults" and "First Faults," should equally strike the imaginations of two persons? Let the public judge of the similarity throughout the two pieces.

I call mine "NATURAL FAULTS."—Miss De Camp calls her's "FIRST FAULTS."

"Counsellor *Chatter*" in mine—"Counsellor *Prattle*" in Miss De Camp's,

I make "*Chatter*" bring extracts from plays—Miss De Camp makes "*Prattle*" quote cases similar to that before him.

"*Bettall*" in mine—"Longodds" in Miss De Camp's, &c. &c. &c.

I will allow that many alterations have been made to my play. For instance, the French servant is made by Miss De Camp to speak whole sentences in

b

a lan-

a language which many of the audience cannot understand. This may be an *improvement*, but I never thought of doing it.

I make "*Bettall*" a gambler—Miss De Camp makes "*Longodds*" a jockey.—The one is as good, or as bad as the other.

Upon the whole, "*First Faults*" is better than "*Natural Faults*;" but why should I be denied the merit of the original idea, however faulty, and however altered for the best? I never denied Miss De Camp the merit of the alteration.

I leave to the public to judge between us.

Before I conclude, I shall beg leave to observe, that the manuscript copy which I have kept by me, and which I am ready to show at any time, is deficient in one scene, in the third act. Through carelessness, I have mislaid it—but would not supply it in the publication, lest it should be said that I have taken it from "*First Faults*."—The last scene of the fifth act is also missing, and, *merely for the sake*
of

of concluding the piece, I have recomposed it, as far as my memory would serve me:

I beg pardon for taking up so much of the public's attention; but, if it be a *Fault*, I trust it will be considered as a very *Natural* one.

WILLIAM EARLE, Junr.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY,

AS INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN;

BUT, FOR PRIVATE REASONS, WITHHELD.

FAR from the bustle of a busy town,
 Where dimpled Mirth the joyous ev'nings crown;
 Where cheerful Health her blooming beauties keep,
 And ev'ry care in rural breasts are 'sleep;
 There, press'd by Virtue to her virgin breast,
 Rears Innocence, her pure and spotless crest;
 Taught in the schools of Modesty and Truth,
 Suspicion dwells not in her guileless youth.
 Chaste was her mind; so lovely to behold
 Her person:—form'd in Nature's fairest mould,
 Lust, the young god, the bastard son of Love,
 A-kin to wanton Pleasure, here did rove;
 Saw the sweet maid, and, with a wanton smile,
 Sought from her pleasing pastimes to beguile.
 She, weak, and wanting knowledge of mankind,
 He easy gain'd on her untutor'd mind;
 Told her of pleasure foreign to her home,
 And soon seduc'd the maid from thence to roam.
 Lust, full of youth, and gifted to ensnare,
 With breath as roses sweet, and form as fair;

A flatt'ring tongue, which had full oft betray'd,
Caught the soft heart of the deluded maid.

To live in courts, she left her rural cot,

And early pastimes of her life forgot;

She dwelt with Pleasure, wanton'd in her train,

Till native Virtue did her seat regain.

Now, pale, she on her lilly arm reclin'd,

And sorrow'd for the home she 'd left behind.

She wept; alas! she wail'd the luckless hour,

Which had seduc'd her from her native bow'r.

No hope; but, clasp'd within the arms of Shame,

The blast of Scandal, resting on her name.

Aid me, my Muse! to prove this Nature's fault;

The mind unfully'd would at Vice revolt:

Unknowing how such actions base to scan,

She plac'd implicit confidence in Man.

Ah! why so beauteous? why so fram'd for love?

The charming maiden can you then reprove?

Love in her bosom kindled the warm flame;

If 'twas a fault, she scarcely was to blame.

Still, ere I go—(*going*)—one word I've got to say;

The Author, fearful you will damn his play,

Avows his motive was to gain a name,

And rank a youthful candidate for fame.

If in this wish, it prove his lot—to fail,

The *Nat'ral Fault* he surely must bewail.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cleaveland	—	—	Mr. DOWTON.
Lord Dorville (Lord Fallible)			Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Seymour	—	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Chatter (Prater)	—	—	Mr. BANNISTER.
O'Neale	—	—	Mr. PALMER.
Sir Charles Cavendish (Sir Charles Careless)		—	Mr. RUSSELL.
Worthy (Plodwell)		—	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Laroon (Roland)		—	Mr. WEWITZER.
Bailiff	—	—	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Bettall (Longodds)		—	Mr. SUETT.
John	—	—	Mr. WEBB.
Lady Cavendish (Lady Careless)			Miss BIGGS.
Emily (Emma)	—	—	Mrs. JORDAN.
Sufan (Tulip)	—	—	Miss MELLON.
Mrs. Sanderfon	—	—	Mrs. WALCOTT.

ACT

A C T I.

SCENE THE FIRST.

LORD CAVENDISH'S *House*.

Enter SUSAN and O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

By Jafus! and my dear Susan, you know I love you, or you would not take the advantage of me.

SUSAN.

Phogh! nonsense! But how came you to be turned away from Lord Dorville's?

O'NEALE.

For preserving a good conscience. Oh! by my foul! and it's as clear as a crystal stream; you know it is.

SUSAN.

Indeed, but I most grievously suspect—

B

O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

Oh ! that Blarney should be suspected !

SUSAN.

—You of no less than robbing the house, or such like.

O'NEALE.

And did you suspect Blarney of holding so bad a heart ?—By Jafus ! but Lord Dorville was very kind to me ; and the devil burn my whole country ! if British generosity do not always attract and gain an an Irishman's gratitude !

SUSAN.

Then, why did he turn you away ?

O'NEALE.

Because I was honest—come, kiss me, Susan ; be sure to be secret, and I will tell you. You promise now, not to mention a single word ?

SUSAN.

Not a word. Oh ! you know, if I promise, I can be dumb—come, begin ; I long to hear.

O'NEALE.

Why ! then, you must know——You'll be sure to be secret ?

SUSAN.

I won't mention a single word.—I'm mum.

O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

You must know, then, Lord Dorville comes to me, and so he says——By Jafus! and you won't mention a word.——And so he says: Blarney, you are a good fellow, and have sarved me faithfully.—And devil burn me, cried I, your Lordship has acted kindly by me; and I'll sarve you honestly and faithfully, while poor Blarney has life.—And so, says he, I would employ you on a little business; and so, says I, that you might do. So says he, then, Blarney, says he, you must know, I am in love.—Ah! says I, your Lordship, and so is poor Blarney. You know I meant *you* all the time: I was thinking on you.

SUSAN.

Well! well! go on with your *says he's* and *says I's*.

O'NEALE.

Oh! by my soul! but be silent: you put me out; that is, you boder me. Let me see, where did I leave off?—At, says he, Blarney, I am in love; and, with this, he begins telling me all his rigma-rolle story over and over again; and, by my soul! if he did not leave off where he began!

SUSAN.

How do you mean? leave off where he began! where was that?

O'NEALE.

By my soul! but he concluded with telling me he

was in love: now he began with telling me the same thing!

SUSAN.

And is this the mighty secret? Why! I'll blab it to the first I meet, and no harm either.

O'NEALE.

You put me out; I wish you would but hear me.

SUSAN.

Don't come carneying me over, with this tale about Lord Dorville's love-nonsense.

O'NEALE.

Zounds and boder! why! you put me out; do but hear me. And so, says he, Blarney, I am in love with Miss Emma Cleaveland, daughter to the old disabled soldier Cleaveland, you know; and a fine old fellow he is! And so, says he, Blarney, I would be for running away with her from her father's fusty old cot.

SUSAN.

Why! you bafe man! to propagate so bafe a story about so good a master! and who, pray, now will believe this trumpery story? for, every one knows that Lord Dorville is a very religious, good, sober sort of a man.

O'NEALE.

Now, upon my soul, 'tis true.—And so, says I, now, don't, your Lordship, I pray you; don't make
Blarney

Blarney O'Neale a rascal, by employing him in so scandalous a piece of business.

SUSAN.

So then, you refused?

O'NEALE.

I did: upon my soul, I did. Now, kiss me.—No, says I, your Lordship, Blarney O'Neale will be a good and faithful servant, all his life: but he will not turn rascal to please the best master in Christendom. Fool! dolt! he cried, it is with her own consent. But, says I, is it with the consent of old Cleaveland? if not, I would not run away with her for the world: for, I had a father, and I know what 'tis to see grey hairs sorrow.

SUSAN.

Why, that was well said.

O'NEALE.

Aye, was n't it now? was n't it well said?—so, with that, he shook me by the collar, and seemed ready to trottle me.

SUSAN.

And he turned you away?

O'NEALE.

Yes; but, says I, your Lordship, you have acted very kindly by me; and devil burn me, if Blarney O'Neale will ever act so rascally as to run away with your mistress, though you do desire it.

SUSAN.

[6]

SUSAN.

And you are sure that this tale is true?

O'NEALE.

Every word of it, upon my honour; and now won't you give me a kiss?

SUSAN.

What! as a reward for your nonsense?

O'NEALE.

Oh! but, my soul, it may be nonsense; but, I pray you, not to say a word about it to living soul breathing.

LADY CAVENDISH (*without*).

Susan! Susan!

SUSAN.

Hark! my Lady calls; come, good bye, O'Neale.

O'NEALE.

Oh! good bye to you; blessings on your sweet pretty little heart! give me a parting kiss, and be sure you do not blab.

SUSAN.

Depend upon it, I will observe a strict silence.

O'NEALE.

And do now be careful and secret as I am.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH and SUSAN.

SUSAN.

And Lord, ma'am! I could tell you such a tale!
it was told me as a very great secret.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And as such you should respect it then.

SUSAN.

I am sure you would like to hear it—it's about
Lord Dorville, the good, the wise, the amiable Lord
Dorville.

LADY CAVENDISH.

It can be nothing to his dishonour. If it is, 'tis
an idle tale, and much to the discredit of those that
propagate it.

SUSAN.

Why then, I'll tell your Ladyship all about it.
You must know, that ———

Enter SERVANT.

Mr. Seymour.

LADY CAVENDISH.

My brother! shew him up.

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Always somebody to interrupt me; I never began a story yet, but in pops John, with Mr. so and so, ma'am; and then, my story's dropt. I shall die of vexation, if I don't get somebody to listen to me.

Exit.

Enter SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

My dear sister, how glad I am to see you!

LADY CAVENDISH.

My brother! but what brings you to town?

SEYMOUR.

A rambling disposition. I saw a girl in the country, whom I loved to distraction.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! and I suppose you meant to marry her: but she loved another, eh? Seymour.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, not quite so bad as that, sister; I would not have married her.—

LADY CAVENDISH.

What! brother! love a girl, and not marry her!

SEYMOUR.

No; for she was a poor ignorant country-girl.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

Brother, you misconstrue innocence for ignorance. Oh fie, fie, fie! to seduce the unsuspecting girl! but I hope you did not succeed.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, sister, not so innocent as you think her, neither: for, this girl fled from her father.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Shame of you, brother! what sorrow must you bring on her father's head!

SEYMOUR.

Why! hey day! you fly away with notions, ere I have time to tell my tale.

LADY CAVENDISH.

What punishment is too great for that man who wounds an aged heart?

SEYMOUR.

Well, but, sister——

LADY CAVENDISH.

Not a word, brother: for, you cannot utter one to exculpate yourself,

SEYMOUR.

She did not run away from her father with me: I am come in pursuit of her.

C

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

No! how is it then?

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'll tell you. I made love to her, but I was a rough, untutor'd bear, and she rejected me. But Lord Dorville was more successful; she returned him love for love.

LADY CAVENDISH.

What! Lord Dorville, brother? you astonish me.

SEYMOUR.

Sister, 'tis even so; and she found means to elope with him.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Elope with Lord Dorville?

SEYMOUR.

With the sage and wise Lord Dorville; a miracle of virtue; one who detests the barbarian crime of seduction; one who spurns the black and damn'd idea.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And who is the vain ridiculous creature?

SEYMOUR.

No other than Emily Cleaveland, daughter to the old foldier. But now, sister, on your life, not a word; for, Dorville is my most particular friend, and I would not have it buzzed about.

CLEAVE-

[II]

CLEAVELAND (*without*).

I will go up—stand off——

SEYMOUR.

Hark! who's without? Cleaveland, as I live!

CLEAVELAND (*enters*).

Give me my daughter; give me up my daughter; an old man's curses light upon your head! give me up my daughter, I say.

SEYMOUR.

Softly, Mr. Cleaveland, I know nothing about your daughter.

CLEAVELAND.

You do; you stole her from my arms; you planted the thorn of sorrow in my heart. Oh! may my curses follow you to the grave! Oh! I could rend the air with my affliction, for the disgrace she has brought upon my head.

SEYMOUR.

Mr. Cleaveland, believe me, I know nothing of your daughter.

CLEAVELAND.

Try not with the afflictions of an old man; on my knees, let me beseech you, restore her to my arms! Oh! you know not the misery I endure without her. If you knew, you would not be so cruel, to rob me of the only pleasure I have in life.

SEYMOUR.

Indeed, I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Cleaveland ; but, on my honour, she eloped not with me.

CLEAVELAND.

May you have a daughter, lovely as Emily ; and, in your old age, may she be torn from your arms ! Oh ! then, will you know the agonies I have undergone ; then, will you find what a curse is beauty ; for, had not my Emily been the grace of her sex, she would not have been torn from me, and I had not been miserable. Heaven ! shower down your curses on the villain, be he who he may !

LADY CAVENDISH.

Brother, can you see his misery, and not be moved ? Make him acquainted with the perpetrator of the crime.

SEYMOUR.

Sister, sister, my honour is engaged.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Then, act honourably, and tell this good old man. Sir, 'tis Lord Dorville with whom your daughter has eloped.

SEYMOUR.

Lady Cavendish, what are you about ?

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville !

SEYMOUR.

"Tis even so ; Lord Dorville.

CLEAVELAND.

Where is he ? let me seek him out. Can you not inform me ? Heaven's blessings light on you, good Lady ; for thus, in part, relieving the anguish of an old man's heart !

SEYMOUR.

Come, Mr. Cleaveland, follow me, then. I will give you my assistance in the search for your daughter.

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter LARON and JOHN.

LARON.

COME, come; bustle, bustle, den. My master
be come. Vat you at, you lazy dog? do not you
see me tired? ride all night, journeying with one
lady, whom my master loves? Begar! me wish he
would regarder my poor bones.

JOHN.

What, Monsieur! grumble!

LARON.

For what, me not grumble, when me be tir'd?

JOHN.

Why! because you advis'd my master to run away
with the young lady; and your bones ought to suf-
fer for the badness of your heart.

LARON.

LAROON.

Vat dat you say? You be de fool, de English fool. You know not how to gain the good name of your master.

JOHN.

No; because I'm honest, and despise the good name of my master, when acquired by initiating in the vices of the age.

LAROON.

Morbleu! vat you mean? you insult me, John. You have no vit, no understanding; you eat too much beef.

JOHN.

D'ye see, Monsieur? I'm plain and blunt, and know the feelings of a father's breast, when he's robbed of his daughter. I respect old age too much, to make it miserable.

LAROON.

Ah! now, John; now, you be vone fool!

JOHN.

Better be an English fool, than a French knave, Monsieur!

LAROON.

You may have de full belly, but de empty pocket, John.—If you were servile, obedient to de master,

as I am, you would prosper better. I do administer to his pleasures; I do advise him in his difficulties; and ———

JOHN.

And don't care how many souls you make miserable, so you put a guinea in your own pocket.

LARON.

No, no; not so. I do like my master, and do wish to see him happy; and, if he see de pretty girl, and he love her, you know 'tis my place to procure her.

JOHN.

And then to deserve the name of pander.

LARON.

No, no; not so. My master love de Miss Emily. I advise him, by all means, run away with her. I advised, he consented; he wanted means—it being my place dat to de master noting should be wanting, I procured means; and so, after a tedious travel, ve smack our whip, and here we be merry; for, the prize be our own, and we deserve it for our trouble. We leave de cot, were her fader dwell, and dis be de grand house of Mrs. Sanderfon.

JOHN.

And this you call serving your master! Let me tell you, Monsieur, you were injuring him, wronging him of the title he bore, of being a good man.

When he returns to reason, for this, he must hate you; for this, he must detest you.

LARON.

Phogh! phogh? nonsense! Diable, my master have vat he like, without consulting such booby.

JOHN.

Booby, Monsieur! I thank God, this head's too thick to learn to copy your French vices.

LARON.

Vat! you tink ever to touch de Englis guinea?

JOHN.

No; I never will; if only to procure it, by being a pander to my master, Monsieur. A shilling, honestly got, and you can sit down with it in your pocket, with a quiet conscience, is ten times preferable, for the heart's ease, to a guinea got, when you must shudder at the getting.

LARON.

Vat dat conscience, you talk about?

JOHN.

Conscience is the director of all our actions, and discriminates them all, with the intentions of our hearts; awares us of the crime of the one, and the virtue of the other.—This conscience may not be known by Frenchmen.—But, let me tell you, Monsieur, there's no Englishman, if he acts amiss, but knows the retort of conscience.

D

LARON,

LARON.

Hugh! de English be de fools. Conscience, indeed! nonsense! which Frenchmen know noting 'tall about.

JOHN.

Better if they did, Monsieur. It would be more to their honour.—An Englishman always shows respect to a good man, be he of what nation he will,

LARON.

Dey have de vat head, but little wit.

JOHN.

Ah! Monsieur, and may my head be master of as little wit, as it is honest! No, Sir; I boast an English heart, uncorrupted by the vile artifices of a French pander. So, Monsieur, good day.

Exit.

LARON.

Ah! good day. You be von fool, not know own int'rest. Diable! dis bete.—When de guinea in his grasp, kick it from him. Oh, diable! diable! vat fool! vat fool!—Holloa dere! prepare for my master; Lord Dorville be come, and de young lady.—Mrs. Sanderfon! Mrs. Sanderfon! vere is de apartment for my Lor, Mrs. Sanderfon?

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter EMILY and LORD DORVILLE.

DORVILLE.

Come, my Emily—Emily.

EMILY.

I am very weary.

DORVILLE.

Be seated, my dear girl. 'Twas a wearisome journey. There, rest thee, my gentle love.

EMILY.

And so far from my father's home! I never was so far before.

DORVILLE.

Well, my Emily! you was not always to live with that father, though he was kind.—I love you to distraction: I doat on you.

EMILY.

But would you had asked the consent of my father, he would not have refused me your love.

DORVILLE.

Ah! had we thought of that! but now, my Emily, it is, indeed, too late.

D.2

Enter

Enter LARON.

LARON.

My Lor! my Lor!

DORVILLE.

How now?—how comes this abrupt intrusion?

LARON.

I have one letter for my Lor.

DORVILLE. (*Reads.*)

Damnation! he knows I am in town. Away! tell him, I'll wait on him immediately.

LARON.

I will obey my Lor's commands punctual.

Exit.

DORVILLE.

And now, my Emily, a little business calls me some hours from you; but I will soon return. Yes, I will soon be with you; for, a single hour's absence from Emily, to me is an age.

EMILY.

Is the business so urgent, that, immediately you enter town, you are forced to leave it?

DORVILLE.

'Tis even so; a trifling affair, but 'twill not last me long; depend on't, Emily; I will soon return.

EMILY.

EMILY.

Well! I acquiesce in quiet.

DORVILLE.

This is my house, my Emily; call, and, in my absence, you have servants to attend on you. Nothing shall be wanting to make you happy. Every thing shall be ready at your command.

EMILY.

Oh! you are very good. I have but one thing wanting. O! give me that, and I am yours. Yes, I long to see my venerable father.—Sometimes, I paint to myself the tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks.

DORVILLE.

And he shall soon be here. Cleaveland, your father, shall soon join us. Yes, my Emily, that alone is wanting, and not wanting long.

EMILY.

Oh! my father, how can he pardon my abandoning his house?

DORVILLE.

Now, do, my Emily, rest contented.—Laroon!
Laroon! Laroon!

Enter LAROON.

LAROON.

My Lor!—vat your commands?

DORVILLE.

DORVILLE (*whispers*).

To all enquiries Emily may make, be sure to inform her this is my house; and give the same intimation to all who may attend upon her.

LARON.

Vat my Lor commands, I obey.

DORVILLE.

And, Laron, prepare the carriage; for, I must journey instantly.

LARON.

Vat! prepare de carriage! Oh! my Lor, vere you travel? Morbleu! my bones be still sore, and, O diable! diable!

DORVILLE.

Begone instantly, and do as I command.

LARON.

My Lor, I obey.

DORVILLE.

And haste with all speed.

LARON.

Diable! poor Laron's bones!

Exit.

DORVILLE.

Adieu, my Emily: I will make my stay but short.

Exit.

EMILY.

EMILY.

Adieu! and now, Dorville, we never meet here again, never. Yes, I will fly to my father, fly to his arms, and, if he can but forgive me, I shall once more be happy.—Oh! how must I upbraid myself, for flying from his home, for deserting him in his age!

Exit.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Enter SIR CHARLES and LADY CAVENDISH.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, my dear! you know my propensity to gaming, and why will you torment me?

LADY CAVENDISH.

Who has a right to inspect your affairs? Much as I have, I bear your misfortunes with more than common patience. I am sure this betting will be your ruin.

SIR CHARLES.

Indeed, my dear, you know nothing about it. I have now upwards of seventeen thousand on my books won—and don't owe above six or eight.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

How comes it that your estates are mortgaged, if this is the case?

SIR CHARLES.

Because I wanted ready money, and those friends that owe it me, could not favour me. But it's safe. Oh! safe as the Bank of England. I shall certainly have it.—Oh! no doubt, no doubt.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Sir Charles, I fear you'll see your error, when too late.

SIR CHARLES.

Why, now; there's Bettall. Let me see, I owe him six thousand pounds; but then, there's my friend Playfair owes me eight: so there it goes, you see. Let me see, I have another wager of four thousand pounds with Bettall; aye, that I'm sure to win.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bettall, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

There; here he comes, my dear; I have won the wager, and he's come to pay me.

LADY CAVENDISH.

The odious fellow! I detest his presence: give me leave to retire.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Well! if so, be it so. But, my dear, Bettall's punctual, always to pay as to receive.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And to receive as pay——

Exit.

Enter BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Ah! Sir Charles! My old boy! well, how d'ye do?

SIR CHARLES.

My dear friend Bettall! well, how is it? Now, tell me, how was the wager decided? Who won?

BETTALL.

Ah! it grieves me to tell; but I have lost a deal of money.

SIR CHARLES.

Then I have won.

BETTALL.

I wish you had; for, I have lost most confoundedly. No, Bob won, Bob won.

SIR CHARLES.

The devil he did!

E

BETTALL.

BETTALL,

Yes, yes,

SIR CHARLES,

Why, that's unluckily.

BETTALL,

Very so, very so, indeed. And, Sir Charles, as I shall want a little ready; for, you know, I'm always punctual, I would be obliged to you, if you would discharge the debt. Let me see, there was six thousand before; and four thousand now, Hum!

SIR CHARLES,

Well, but, my dear fellow, has not Bob Playfair paid you? You know he owed me eight thousand pounds,

BETTALL,

Phogh! What! don't ye know?

SIR CHARLES,

Know what?

BETTALL,

I am exceedingly sorry for poor Bob; but it's all over with Bob; he's done up.

SIR CHARLES,

Done up!

BETTALL,

BETTALL.

Yes; he's a bankrupt; has not two pence to pay his way.

SIR CHARLES.

How curs! unfortunate!

BETTALL.

Yes; is not it very unfortunate?

SIR CHARLES.

Then, there is Harry Sharpwit! he owes me six thousand: that just cancels our first debt.

BETTALL.

Pshaw! why, you are a joking! Why, don't ye know what's become of Sharpwit?

SIR CHARLES.

How am I to know? Why, nothing has happened to him.

BETTALL.

Phogh! Why, he's dish'd. It's all over with him. He was caught playing with false dice; so, was trundled out of the window; he has since died of the wounds he received: but, Lord? you know this.

SIR CHARLES.

Be assured I did not. Why, then, to tell you the truth, I cannot discharge your debt now, but will the first opportunity.

BETTALL.

I tell you what, Sir Charles, I must have the money before I stir out of the room.

SIR CHARLES.

Upon my soul! you will not; for, I have not so much in the house; nor the tenth part.

BETTALL.

So, then, you won't pay me.

SIR CHARLES.

I cannot; so, importune me no longer.

BETTALL.

Oh! very well, then.—Here, below; desire those gentlemen to walk up.

Enter BAILIFFS.

There, there's your prisoner.

SIR CHARLES.

How? What do you mean by this?

BETTALL.

Take him. I see him safe in your custody: so, now I leave you, Sir Charles. I would not wish to distress you; but, upon my soul, can't help it.

Exit.

BAILIFF.

Come, Sir, you must come along with us.

SIR CHARLES.

Perfidious scoundrel!

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter MRS. SANDERSON and EMILY.

MRS. SANDERSON.

YES, Ma'am; these elegant apartments all belong to Lord Dorville, and were finished under his immediate inspection, and decorated by his order to the present fanciful position.

EMILY.

I will be obliged to you now to leave me to myself.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Certainly, Ma'am—

Exit.

EMILY.

There is an air of mystery throughout the entire conduct of the whole house. This woman takes on her more of the mistress than the servant.—Oh! would I had never left my father.

BETTALL

BETTALL (*without*).

Damme! but you sha'n't bamboozle me though. What right has any person in my apartments? (*Enters*)—Holloa! who the devil have we here? a nice wench!—Hum! d'ye do, Ma'am?

EMILY.

Sir, did you want Lord Dorville? He is not here, Sir, indeed.

BETTALL.

Who the devil expected to find him here?

EMILY.

Oh! then you——

BETTALL.

But, pray, Ma'am, may I be so bold to ask what it is you want with me?

EMILY.

Me! Sir? Nothing, be assured I want nothing.

BETTALL.

Oh! oh! hum! yes, Ma'am, I did want Lord Dorville. But, as he's not here, Ma'am, and——Hark! somebody's a coming. You had better retire, Ma'am, to the room, at the end of the gallery, and lock yourself in.

EMILY.

Sir, I thank you, I will immediately.

Exit.

Enter

Enter MRS. SANDERSON, *crying.*

MRS. SANDERSON.

I told you, Mr. Bettall, that I did not expect you, and I did let your lodgings; but only for a week.

BETTALL.

Be quiet; hold your snivelling.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Indeed, it was only for a week.

BETTALL.

Be quiet, woman. So you got a young—
Hum! They'll be here presently to search your house.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh Lord! Mr. Bettall, don't alarm me.

BETTALL.

Come, come; don't pipe your eye: here, leave off your whining, or I'll blow you.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! Mr. Bettall.

BETTALL.

Damme! we shall have you done up.

MRS.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Why! I know nothing about 'em. I let 'em my lodgings, but I don't know who they are.

BETTALL.

Hark! what noise is that? upon my soul, they're coming!

Enter SEYMOUR and CLEAVELAND.

CLEAVELAND.

Where is Lord Dorville?

BETTALL (*aside to Mrs. Sanderson*).

Swear you don't know him.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Lord Dorville! indeed, I don't know him, Sir.

SEYMOUR.

Ah! Mr. Bettall, how do you do?

BETTALL.

Ah! Mr. Seymour.

SEYMOUR.

Have you not a young lady in these apartments, brought here by Lord Dorville?

BETTALL.

No, upon my soul, no. These apartments are my own. You have seen no young lady, Mrs. Sanderson, have you? (Swear it, or I'll blow you.) *Aside.*

MRS.

MRS. SANDERSON.

No, indeed, Sir, I have not seen any person here, but Mr. Bettall himself.

CLEAVELAND.

She must, she must, she must be here. I'll search every room; I'll tear the house down; but I'll find her. Where is my daughter, my Emily?

SEYMOUR.

Do, my good friend, be cool.

CLEAVELAND.

Who can be calm, when their souls are agonized? Can the vessel ride smooth in the tempest-torn sea? My whole soul is bent by conflicting passions. Oh! my daughter! my Emily! my lost, abandoned Emily!

SEYMOUR.

Indeed, Mr. Cleaveland, you are too boisterous.

CLEAVELAND.

Oh! have I not cause to curse the first hour I was born?

BETTALL.

Indeed, Gentlemen, if you will take my word for it, there is no lady here; and more, Lord Dorville has not been here.

F

CLEAVE-

SCENE

CLEAVELAND.

Are you sure? for, oh! play not with the feelings of an old man, whose heart is almost broke.

BETTALL (*aside*).

Come, speak to him; send him away.—

MRS. SANDERSON.

Indeed, Sir, Lord Dorville, nor any lady has been here.

CLEAVELAND.

Well! come, do not let us tarry, but fly to seek my daughter. You have promised your assistance, and I demand it.

SEYMOUR.

My assistance you shall have, and may we prosper!

Exit.

BETTALL.

Old one—I say, old one—mind, keep her here, till I come back. I say, don't let her go away, or, damn me! I'll blow you. I'll do your business.

Exit.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! Mr. Bettall, you may depend on me. Oh, Lord! Lord! Lord! what have I escaped!

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH and DORVILLE.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Lord Dorville ! I am surprized at you.

DORVILLE.

You know——Where is Seymour ? Let me see him. Oh ! Emily ! Emily !

LADY CAVENDISH.

Cease your importunities, Sir. I know nothing of my brother, Seymour, nor of Emily Cleaveland : but I have seen old Cleaveland.—Have seen despair seated on his venerable forehead, sorrow for the loss of his child, of his Emily. Oh ! how have you to hate yourself, for thus wronging the aged heart of that good old man !

DORVILLE.

Distraction ! I love his daughter.

LADY CAVENDISH.

No, Sir ; you do not love her ; or you would not have made her miserable.

DORVILLE.

Miserable ! I ! made her miserable ! Oh ! Lady

Cavendish, I beseech you, tell me where she is; let me fly to her.

SCENE THE SECOND

LADY CAVENDISH.

Lord Dorville, once more, I tell you I do not know. I suspected she was with you still.

LADY CAVENDISH.

DORVILLE.

Oh! no; she's gone, left me, fled, I know not whither.

DORVILLE.

You know—Where is she now?

LADY CAVENDISH.

If you loved, how could you desert her?

LADY CAVENDISH.

DORVILLE.

Desert her! Oh! distraction! Lady Cavendish, do not torment me; do not, I beseech you.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Had you but made Cleaveland acquainted with your love for his daughter, and honourably made proposals of marriage, all this would have been avoided.

DORVILLE.

Oh! torment! torment!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well have you to upbraid yourself! Well may you stamp, and fret, being the occasion of so much mischief! Lord Dorville, may this be a lesson to you! May this teach you how to feel for the miseries

series of others! You fret, but for Miss Emily, whom you love. How much more so must Cleaveland, for his daughter lost?

DORVILLE.
My words choke me; my griefs are past utterance. Oh! this is right; this is right; I should feel the horrors of a guilty conscience, for betraying the confidence of the good old Cleaveland. Wretch that I am! Why am I suffered to exist? Heaven! pour down your shafts against me! hurl destruction at my devoted head!

LADY CAVENDISH.

And are you really insensible where the wretched Emily is?

DORVILLE.
I was called away from her, but a short time; took my leave, and promised that I would quickly return. I hastened my business, I settled, and drove home to where I had left her; and, when I enquired for her, the answer was, she had left the house a short time after my departure: she went with her father, was the reply.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Indeed, it is but a short time since Seymour and he went in search of her, but returned unsuccessful.

DORVILLE.

Where is Cleaveland?

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.
Indeed, I know not.

DORVILLE.

Why are you so unkind? you surely know. On my knees, let me beseech you to tell. Yet, how can I look him in the face, whom I have so much injured?—Oh! Cleaveland, how I dread, and yet wish to see you! Miserable man that I am!

LADY CAVENDISH.
How little fortitude is guilt possessed of! it cannot look its accuser in the face.

DORVILLE.

How much is man, vain man, deceived by false appearances! When the idea first flashed across my brain, hope illumined my whole soul. I blessed my lucky stars, and thought me sure of her I loved. But now, the scene's reversed; now is the scene changed, the picture turned shows me the object of my affections farther from my grasp than ever.

Exit.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Thus we see how delusive is vice: the paints, at first, the object of your want, by the slightest stroke attainable, leads you into intricacies, brings disgrace upon your name, then leaves you to extricate yourself by the means of deceit and lying.

Exit.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE THE FIRST.

COUNSELLORS WORTHY and CHATTER.

WORTHY.

NOW, do ; pray, Mr. Chatter ; for once, be attentive. You know the precarious situation of Sir Charles Cavendish. Now do, once for all, be attentive.

CHATTER.

Why, I am, I am ; don't you see I am ? There, that's it—now—(*reading*)—whether Sir Charles Cavendish's estates are “ to be, or not to be,” eh ! I think I know that. Hum ! that's familiar. Don't ye know it, Mr. Worthy ? a quotation ! Shakespeare—Hamlet—Hem !—“ to be or not to be.”—What ! do ye dispute, my dear fellow ? the book's at hand—“ to be, or not to be”—I'll go fetch it—Shakespeare.—

Exit.

WORTHY.

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WORTHY.

I never can get the man to mind his business. He's always after his quotations, and his plays. Nonsense, nonsense! to make him a lawyer!

CHATTER (*entering*).

Here it is, ~~my dear fellow~~, here it is!—"to be, or not to be, that is the question; whether"—

WORTHY.

Mr Chatter, will you make out the deeds, or not? —You know Sir Charles's affairs are in a trembling situation.

CHATTER.

"Alas! his gentle Nature was not made to buffet with adversity!"—

WORTHY.

True; you see his present situation drives him almost to madness. Come, come, and lend me your assistance, to clear the accounts.

CHATTER.

"My head grows giddy. Oh! that I were mad! Madness brings ease; reason, reason alone Feels sorrow; folly and madness are exempt. No state of human life is to be envied, But lunacy and folly. None can be happy Who can feel pain; to want the sense to grieve Is the best measure of felicity."

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, without you are more attentive, I certainly must leave you.

CHATTER.

"My soul is wrapt in dreadful expectaiton,
And listens to thee as if Fate were speaking."

WORTHY.

Why, then, I pray you, now proceed to business.

CHATTER.

"Business, which dares the joys of Kings invade,
The day was made
To number out the hours of busy men;
Let them be busy still, and still be wretched,
And take their fill of anxious drudging day."

WORTHY.

Why, really, Mr. Chatter, I think you are mad.

CHATTER.

"Mad as the winds,
When for the empire of the main they strive."

WORTHY.

Why, Mr. Chatter!

CHATTER.

"There, in a den, remov'd from human eyes,
Possess'd with Muse the brain-sick Poet lies,

G

Too

Too miserably wretched to be nam'd.
 For Plays, for Heroes, and for Passion fam'd,
 Thoughtless, he raves his sleepless hours away,
 In chains all night, in darkness all the day;
 And, if he gets some intervals from pain,
 The fit returns, he foams, and bites his chain;
 His eye-balls roll, and he grows mad again." }

WORTHY.

Why, Mr. Chatter ! Mr. Chatter ! I really must leave you.

CHATTER.

My dear Mr. Worthy, I hope you'll excuse me.

WORTHY.

Then, do, sit you down, and write.

CHATTER.

I will, my dear Mr. Worthy, I will.

WORTHY.

There now, that's right ; better than such stuff as you was running on with.

CHATTER.

Mr. Worthy, is Sir Charles very rich ?

WORTHY.

Rich ! why I expect to find him as poor as a church mouse.

CHATTER.

CHATTER (*starts up*).

“Laws bear the name, but money has the power :
 The cause is bad, whence is the client poor.
 Those strict-liv'd men, that seem above our
 world,
 Are oft too modest, to resist our gold :
 So judgement, like our other wares, is sold ;
 And the grave knight that nods upon the laws,
 Wak'd by a fee, hems, and approves the cause.”

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, will you, or will you not attend to
 your business? Why will you pester me with your
 ridiculous nonsense? Zounds! bye-and-bye, you'll
 drive me mad as yourself.

CHATTER.

“What charms hath sorrow in that face?
 Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much
 sweetness.
 Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
 Breaks out, like lightning, in a Winter night,
 And shows a moment's day.”

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, we must part. I must to Westmin-
 ster-Hall; so, farewell!

Exit.

CHATTER.

“Adieu then! Oh! my soul! far better part—
 Thy image sticks so close,
 That the blood follows from my rending heart.”

Exit.

SCENE THE SECOND.

LORD DORVILLE *at a Table.*

DORVILLE.

How am I distracted! my mind agonized by despair! Cleaveland, thou art not the only sufferer. I am as miserable as man can be. Laroon! Laroon! (*rises*) desperation heats every fibre of my frame.—Laroon!—

LAROON.

Vat! my master call?

DORVILLE.

Here, take this letter.—And, d'ye hear?—I shall not be back to-night.

LAROON.

Vat! my master not be back?—My Lor!

DORVILLE.

Away, and leave me. I have no time to hear you.

LAROON.

Vat my Lor mean? Shall not Laroon attend you?

DORVILLE.

Thou hast attended me too far—to the gulph of desperation. 'Tis thou, thou, by thy infernal advice, hast
drove

drove me to the deed. 'Tis thou hast brought shame on me.—'Tis thou hast been my abettor.—You drove me to rob the daughter from the father.—You, by your infernal stratagem to ruin others, robbed me of my peace; and I alone must suffer.

LARON.

My Lor! my Lor! do not trottle poor Laron.

DORVILLE.

Away! Leave me.

LARON.

I will obey, my Lor.

DORVILLE.

Oh! to what a pitch of madness I am drove! If there is a hell, there can be no tortures equal to the agonies of a guilty mind.—Laron! Laron!

LARON.

My Lor!

DORVILLE.

Stay there; if any one should enquire for me, tell them I shall soon return.

LARON.

I will obey, my Lor: but when will my Lor return?

DORVILLE.

Never.

Exit.

LARON.

LAROON.

By gar! poor Laron be von miserable diable.—
Near be choak'd by my Lor!—Oh! mon Dieu!
mon Dieu!

Exit.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH, SEYMOUR, and
O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

Yes, by my foul! these two blackguard dogs
dragg'd him along, through the street, as if they
were taking with them I don't know what all. Says
I, my master! give me leave to knock these black-
guards down. But, says he, no, O'Neale they are
sheriff's officers. And so, says I, you won't let me
knock 'em down. I was for rolling them in the
kennel, d'ye see; but, says master, go and tell
Lady Cavendish; and so, d'ye see, I am sorry to
give your Ladyship pain, by telling you of master's
misfortune.

SEYMOUR.

O'Neale, you are a faithful fellow; and shall not
go unrewarded.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

But, my dear Seymour, pray advise me what is to be done on the occasion.

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'll hasten to him immediately, and get bail.

O'NEALE.

And I would wish you to make haste; for, I am afraid my master is miserably ill used by such dirty blackguards.

LADY CAVENDISH.

To see you thus interested for your master, O'Neale, to me is a pleasure.

O'NEALE.

Oh! my good Lady, if O'Neale did not love his master, he would be an ungrateful blackguard.

SEYMOUR.

Well, sister, depend upon it, we will extricate him as soon as possible. But, O'Neale, do you know who it is arrested him?

O'NEALE.

Oh! aye, your honour, I think they said something about the suit of ——— what the devil's his name? Oh! your honour, his name is Bettall.

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Bettall ! as great a rascal as ever was born : known at every gambling-house as a common swindler ; and he still is courted by all our gentry !—Well may we exclaim : *O tempora ! O mores !*

LADY CAVENDISH.

Why, he was here this very morning ; and then, Sir Charles was praising him to me as a very good man. Brother, I knew him to be a scoundrel ; but Sir Charles was blind to his deceit and villainy.

O'NEALE.

And Oh ! by the Holy Virgin ! I wish I had seen him. I would have given him as complete a dressing as ever he had in all his whole life before, I promise him that.

SEYMOUR.

If there is a villain on earth, that man is he. A noted swindler ; and how Sir Charles should be blind to his ill name is most astonishing, as it is so public, that not one that handles the dice but what very well knows the noted Mr. Bettall.

O'NEALE.

Oh ! by my foul ! and let me catch him ; and if my master should not know him again, I'd mark him.

SEYMOUR.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! well, sister, farewell. I'll haste to him. Come, O'Neale, follow me.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE THE FOURTH.

A Spunging-House.

Enter SIR CHARLES and BAILIFF.

BAILIFF.

Oh ! Lord ! Sir, you need not mind. We have had as good company as yourself before now, and shall have again. Why, it's as common to see your gaming gentry in a spunging-house, as in a gambling-house ; for, the one opens the door of the other.

SIR CHARLES.

Has none of my friends been here ?

BAILIFF.

Not a soul. Aye, and that's common enough. I have known a great rout at a great house, the over-night, and the Lord with as many friends about him as the room would hold ; the next morning he has been arrested, and I have found him as deserted as had he never known any body. But that's common, very common.

SIR CHARLES.

Should a Mr. Seymour call, show him up.

H

BAILIFF.

BAILIFF.

Aye, but it's ten to one if he shows you down.
No, no; we know the ways of your gentry too well.
There is not one of your dearest friends, I am sure,
will now step forward, and extricate you from
prison.

SIR CHARLES.

Torment!—Leave me, Sir, immediately.

BAILIFF.

Very well, Sir! Oh! very well!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Seymour, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Show him up.—And you, Sir, leave us to our-
selves.

BAILIFF.

Some people think too much of themselves.

Exit.

Enter SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour!

SEYMOUR.

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SEYMOUR.

Damme! Charles, you have acted unlike a man; but I'm not come to upbraid you.

SIR CHARLES.

Ah! my dear Seymour, if a reparation is to know my fault, I repent it now severely.

SEYMOUR.

O'Neale told me of your being arrested, and I flew to you immediately. How could that cursed itch for gambling make you forget your wife, and rush into this state of beggary?

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour, gambling is a vice, when it grasps to the heart, will not easily let go its hold.

SEYMOUR.

True, Charles.—You suspect not that those around you are cheats; you warm yourself with the idea that a man cannot be so unfortunate, as continually to lose. Then you proceed, with the hopes of winning, till the last doit is dragged from your pocket; and then, you return to your family a beggar.

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour, you have learnt the arts and wiles of gambling, without the misfortune of gaining your knowledge by experience.

H 2

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bettall.

SEYMOUR.

Oh! show him up; show him up.

Exit Servant.

SIR CHARLES.

No, Mr. Seymour, I will not see him. I detest the rascal; and 'tis purgatory to be in his presence.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, Sir Charles; I insist on his coming up.—

Enter MR. BETTALL.

How do you do, Mr. Bettall?

BETTALL.

Mr. Seymour, how do you do?

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'm tolerable, I thank you. I suppose you come on a little business with Sir Charles?

BETTALL.

Why, yes. I come to make matters up; I would not wish to distress him, and so am come to make a proposal.

SEYMOUR.

You are very good. Well, and what is it?

BETTALL.

Why, I would not wish to distress Sir Charles; and as it is not convenient to him to pay me immediately, I'll take his bond for the money.

SEYMOUR.

Hum!—a very fair proposal.

Yes, I would not wish to distress him.

SEYMOUR.

And you are really so kind as to offer to take his bond for the money?

BETTALL.

Yes, I don't care; it is a kindness, and I hope Sir Charles will consider it as such.

SEYMOUR.

Without there!—

Enter O'NEALE.

O'Neale, kick this rascal down stairs.

BETTALL.

What me? kick me, kick me down stairs!

O'NEALE.

Come along, you dirty blackguard!

Exit, kicking him out.

SIR

SIR CHARLES and SEYMOUR.

Ha! Cha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

SIR CHARLES.

I really wonder, Seymour, you had patience with him so long.

SEYMOUR.

Well, Charles, farewell. I'll return soon with bail. Indeed, Lady Cavendish is quite disconsolate; and I will not keep her in expectation longer than I can help.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, farewell! I shall expect you soon.

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter BETTALL.

BETTALL.

DAMME! never was so vilely treated in all my life; never was.—Catch me by the arm, and bundle me out of the house, as if I was, damme! I don't know what all!—Oh! I never was so vilely used. Kicking into the kennel, I suppose, they call treatment for a gentleman. But I'll have justice done.—Where is this cursed lawyer?

Enter CHATTER.

CHATTER.

Who called on Abraham Chatter? Did you, Sir, “require me here?”

BETTALL.

I did—see here, see here; I was rolled into the kennel, swapped in the middle of mud and filth,
 6 and

and this is a treatment for a gentleman. I am come here, Sir, to have justice done me.

CHATTER.

"Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to persuation, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws.
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cause."

BETTALL.

Very good, very good, indeed! Well now,
and what's to be done?

CHATTER.

"For something must be done."

BETTALL.

Aye, and that most speedily.

CHATTER.

"Swift as an arrow from the twanging bow,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in war,
So shall thy work be done."

BETTALL.

Very well, my dear fellow—that will do; and,
now, let me see. Oh! I bring an action against
him for assault.

CHATTER.

For an assault!—"O! by the great Gods, re-
venge this insult."

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Well! but never mind that now, proceed to business, and let me know how the case stands.

CHATTER.

"The case stands thus—

Most cruel racks and torments are preparing

To force confession from his dying pangs.

Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,

Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain!"

BETTALL.

Eh!—what!—what mangled limbs, butchering
villain! Oh! no; that won't do; that would be
going too far.

CHATTER.

"Wire draw his limbs, spin all his nerves like hairs,
And work his tortur'd flesh as thin as flame."

BETTALL.

Why, what the devil!

CHATTER.

"—I could tell a story

Would rouse the lion's heat out of its den,

And make it rage with terrifying fury."

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Why, what the devil is your tale to me? I want justice, I come here for justice.

CHATTER.

"Justice you shall have, and bitter justice too."

BETTALL.

Why, you are mad, absolutely mad! I won't stay with you, or I shall catch the infection.

CHATTER.

"Briefly then, you state the matter thus in rage."

BETTALL.

No, not in rage. No, no, 'twas very cool and deliberate; quite cool; he took me by the shoulder, and kicked me down stairs. Then, roll'd me in a kennel afore the door.

CHATTER.

"O! ye Gods! to suffer this disgrace!
But you shall have ample vengeance."

Well, now then; he kick'd you down stairs, and rolled you in the gutter.

BETTALL.

That's it; exactly so. It's very right; now go on; do, my dear fellow, proceed.

CHATTER.

And dirtied your cloaths most abominably.

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Aye, that you can see.—Here, here's a tail.

CHATTER.

“ ————— I could a tale relate,
Would freeze your young bones.”

BETTALL.

Well! we'll have that some other time.

CHATTER.

“ My name is Norval; on the Grampian
Hills, my father feeds his flock;
A frugal —————.”

BETTALL.

Damn it! will you attend to my business, or will
you not?

CHATTER.

“ But I had heard of battles,
And I long'd to follow to the field.”

BETTALL.

Damn the field!

CHATTER.

“ Some warlike Lord —————.”

BETTALL.

Will you hear me? Your tongue runs like a
windmill; there's no such thing as flopping it when
once it's on the go.

[[60]]

CHATTER.

"And Heaven soon granted what my
Sin denied. Scarce had you moon, round
As my shield ———"

BETTALL.

Why, he's a warrior now!

CHATTER.

"A band of fierce barbarians rushed like a tor-
rent ———"

BETTALL.

Well, good morning. I really must leave you,
you damn'd gabbing fool!

Exit.

CHATTER.

"Horror and Hell! I burn, I rave, I die.
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear.
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there.
Fury! destruction! I am all despair."

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

LADY CAVENDISH's House.

Enter **LADY CAVENDISH, SIR CHARLES, and**

SEYMOUR.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well, well, we cannot expect to find him quite a convert yet: but, I make no doubt, we shall be able to make a good reformation in him.

SIR CHARLES.

Aye, that it will; for, I vow and protest I never will bet again.

SEYMOUR.

I lay you five to four.

SIR CHARLES.

Done——Pshaw! I will not bet.

SEYMOUR and LADY CAVENDISH.

Ha! ha! ha!

LADY CAVENDISH.

All in good time; the change is not to be effected in a moment.

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

No; for, believe me, was I to find him pretend a perfect change at once, I should doubt him greatly; for, I know an ill habit is not easy to be broken. It is as difficult for a person to give up what he is used to, as it is for me, in my present moments, to be in love with gambling.

SEYMOUR.
SIR CHARLES.

Gambling is the worst of vices. Now my eyes are open to its delusive ways, I must detest it; and wonder how so insipid employment could give me pleasure.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And well you may; for, to me, 'tis the most stupid, and most destructive, of all fashionable vices.

SEYMOUR.

In a short time, Sir Charles, we shall have you quite a reformed rake, and you'll make a good husband. Well, I shall be happy to see you and my sister enjoying all the sunshine of connubial felicity. Divested of your vices, you'll feel a pleasure in being in her company; and then it will be as hard for you to take to gaming, as, mayhap, it is now for you to leave it off.

SIR CHARLES.

Most likely; for, I now love her more than ever, and hold her up as a pattern of her sex, a prudent wife.

wife. When I was engaged in dissipated pursuits, she lived frugally at home; and when my appetite was cloyed with dissipation, she amiably chid me, and bid me refrain from my vicious courses: but I heeded her not, till I found myself ingulphed in danger.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well, well, all the pain I have experienced is entirely erased by the pleasure I now feel, in being able to effect a thorough change in your conduct.

SIR CHARLES.

Pardon me, then, for my past errors, too amiable wife, and I will entirely devote my whole life to pleasure, and to you.

Enter O'NEALE.

SEYMOUR.

O' Neale, what now?

O'NEALE.

Oh! my gracious master! only look here, here's a bit of a thing they call a note for you.

SEYMOUR.

For me?

O'NEALE.

Yes, for you: and, by my soul! I believe it for you.

SEYMOUR

SEYMOUR.

It's from Lord Dorville!

O'NEALE.

And a Frenchman gave it me, Sir, with a long tail dangling down his back; and the black began talking about Lord Dorville, and a duel. Devil duel you, cried I; so took the letter, your honour, and shut the door in his face. Oh! leave Pat alone, for being to turn out a blackguard genteely.

SEYMOUR.

To what a pitch of madness hath Cleaveland's desperacy drove him!

SIR CHARLES.

What do you mean?

SEYMOUR.

He has sent Lord Dorville a challenge, who has accepted it.—Is Dorville gone?

O'NEALE.

Indeed, I don't know, your honour: but the French thief told me, that his master was gone to fight a duel, and he came to inform you of it, that you might make haste there. Now, please your honour, I did not know that a duel signified fighting between three or four. But, as it is, you had better make haste, or there will be no sport.

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Come, Sir Charles; let us haste to interfere.

O'NEALE.

And, please your honour, if O'Neale can be of any service in the skirmish, you may command him to the best of his abilities. To be sure, I don't much understand pistols, but, for turning a blackguard out of doors, why, Paddy O'Blarney's your man.

SIR CHARLES.

Come, Seymour, let us haste, or mischief may be done.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Hyde Park.

CLEAVELAND *walking up and down, with his arms folded.*

Enter LORD DORVILLE.

CLEAVELAND.

Now, Sir.—I see you are punctual.—No words, but take your ground.

DORVILLE.

Mr. Cleaveland, I am come prepar'd. First, let me attempt to justify myself.

K

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND.

I will not hear a word. You cannot offer a word grateful to my ear; so, no more, but take your ground.

DORVILLE.

Give me but one word in my own defence.

CLEAVELAND.

I shut my ears to all you have to say. What can you alledge in your own behalf? Have you not torn my daughter from my bosom? Have you not sown the seeds of misery in her soul? She was my all; my life; the prop of my declining age: for, what is life without a comforter? and she was my comforter, till a rude villain plucked her from the soil in which she bloomed: who, when he had satisfied his brutal appetite, threw her aside to wither, unseen, unknown, but her name, despised!

DORVILLE.

Now, Cleaveland, hear me; hear me, ere I raise my hand against your life.

CLEAVELAND.

Monster! vile monster! I will not. Oh! you have blighted all my hopes, crushed my age's comfort. But come, Sir, this is trifling; take your ground.

DORVILLE.

This is but poor revenge for you, who are the injur'd, to place your life in opposition to mine.

No,

No, Cleaveland, I cannot raise my hand against your life.

CLEAVELAND.

You have torn from my soul its nourishment, you have rent my heart almost asunder. I come here, suppose to die, I'll thank you for it; for now, I drag on a life painful to myself, which must be ended in a lingering torment. Come, complete your work, villain.

DORVILLE.

Ha! come on then, since no words can appease your insatiable fury: I am ready.

CLEAVELAND (*presents pistols*).

Stand then, and take your ground.

(*Both fire in the air.*)

How! Lord Dorville!

DORVILLE.

I am tired of life: take mine; I will not raise my hand against you: I have injured you already too deeply.

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville, have you not acted basely by me?

DORVILLE.

I have, I own,

CLEAVELAND.

Then, as a man of honour, why deny me the pleasure of revenge?

DORVILLE.

Take your revenge. Take my heart's blood to satiate your monstrous fury. Cleaveland, I have injured you, robbed you, as you term it, of your age's comfort: but think me not so great a villain, as to take your life. No, I am not so great a monster, as to raise my arm against the life of that man, whom before I have so much injured.

CLEAVELAND.

My whole soul breathes nought but invective against you. I dedicate the remainder of my life to seek revenge. I will torment you till, frantic in despair, you raise the weapon against yourself. An old man's tears, though they be crocodiles, shall find their way to the hearts of the feeling. Then shall you be spurned, an object of disgrace and contempt.

DORVILLE.

Now by your wrongs, old man; and, as you seek my life, thus shall your hate be alone appeased.

(Holds the pistol to his head, is about to discharge, when enter SIR CHARLES and SEYMOUR.)

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville!

SEYMOUR.

Mr. Cleaveland!

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville! what! lift your hand against yourself.

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND.

When next we meet, we meet decisive. Now, farewell; foes we remain: for, death can scarce relieve my antipathy.

SEYMOUR.

Permit me to attend you.

CLEAVELAND.

What! think you I am armed against myself? No; 'tis cowards, and the guilty, that seek their life; 'tis those are afraid to live, fearing the troubles of their own conscience.

Exeunt SEYMOUR and CLEAVELAND.

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville, come, come with me.

DORVILLE.

Oh! Sir Charles! Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

Come, never heed: we will seek to remove his stubborn hatred.

DORVILLE.

Never. His heart seems shut to human misery, and knows not the value of repentance.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE THE FOURTH.

LADY CAVENDISH and SUSAN.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Show Mrs. Sanderson in; though I really have no knowledge of such a person.

SUSAN.

Yes, Ma'am.

Exit.

Re-enter, with MRS. SANDERSON.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Good morning, Ma'am. You, I presume, are Lady Cavendish.

LADY CAVENDISH.

At your pleasure.

MRS. SANDERSON.

I come, Ma'am, upon a little business.—You must know, Ma'am, Lord Dorville took lodgings of me, for himself and a young lady; and so, he being almost instantaneously called away, the young lady was left at my lodgings, Ma'am; and ———

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well? pray, proceed.

MRS.

MRS. SANDERSON.

And so, Ma'am, these lodgings belonged to a gentleman, who had gone a little way into the country; and I not expecting him back, you know, my Lady, accommodated the gentleman; and so, this occasioned a small mistake.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And does this appertain to me?

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! yes, my Lady; very materially; for, Miss Emily Cleaveland, the lady's name—

LADY CAVENDISH.

Miss Cleaveland? what! where is she?

MRS. SANDERSON.

A moment, my Lady, and I'll tell you—and so, my Lady, she was deserted, and left all alone in my house—and being in a lodging-house, you know, Ma'am, it laid her open to insult; and so, Ma'am, she begged of me to put her,——

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! good woman, we can dispense with the rest—where is Miss Emily?

MRS. SANDERSON.

And so, Ma'am, I took the liberty of bringing her with me, Ma'am.

Enter

Enter SUSAN, with MISS CLEVELAND.

LADY CAVENDISH.

My dear Miss Cleaveland, you shall have protection here.

EMILY.

I am much indebted to you.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Do, sit you down, good girl; there —

MRS. SANDERSON.

And now, my Lady, with your permission, I'll take my leave: so, your servant.

Exit.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Oh! my tender Emily, how came you so imprudently to fly your father's house?

EMILY (*falls on her neck*).

Forgive me, forgive me; I have erred, and deeply. Oh! Lady Cavendish, the pangs I have borne by this separation —

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! well! my Emily — Cleaveland is forgiving.

EMILY.

Oh! can I look upon him again? him who loved me so tenderly? who cherished, who doated on me as his only comfort? What agony must I have caused him!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Fear not; he will forgive thee.

EMILY.

Will he? but can I forgive myself? for, oh! Lady Cavendish, curses are attendant on children, for disobedience, and for guiltily causing their parents' tears.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! you repent—and—(*Enter SUSAN, whispers*)—my dear Miss Emily, I will return—you'll excuse my absence.

Exit.

EMILY.

How kind! how very, very kind! Ah! she fled not from her father!

Enter CLEAVELAND.

EMILY.

My father!

CLEAVELAND.

How, Emily!—(*she faints in his arms*)—My child! my tender Emily!—without there—soft—she revives. My long lost Emily, welcome to my arms.

EMILY.

Oh! my father, can you forgive me?

CLEAVELAND.

Forgive thee!—ye . . . never—you have disgraced me; you have brought my grey hairs to sorrow.

L

Oh!

Oh! Emily, how could you use your father so? how could you bear the tear trembling in that eye that doated on you?

EMILY.

You shall forgive me. Indeed! indeed! you shall. You cannot see your Emily bent on her knee, and let her supplicate in vain; you cannot, I am sure you cannot.

CLEAVELAND.

The conflict's past in my bosom: my resolve is fixed. Once, I thought I could not exist without my Emily; once, I thought she was my life and nourishment; but now, I find that without her there still is life. All the strong ties of fatherly affection are broken, and I never more can look on thee as my child.—(Going.)

EMILY.

My father! you shall not escape. No, here will I hang, cling to your knees, till you have sealed my pardon. Look on me; I am your Emily still: by the great love you once entertained for your daughter, look on me. Pity my distress; 'tis my first fault, my first transgression. I see the pitying tear now tremble in your eye; it rolls down that cheek, the seal of my forgiveness.

CLEAVELAND.

I can no more. My love! my Emily! you are my daughter still, and I forgive. Your fault shall
in

in my breast be buried in oblivion; thus, thus do I seal your pardon—(*embraces her*)—And now, my dear Emily, lest the noisy world should prate of your dishonour, in your hearing, and it should grieve your heart, come with me into the country, where our usual harmony and felicity shall be again restored.

EMILY.

Our harmony shall be uninterrupted. We will again be gay, again see the pleasures of the summer's eve; and, with the merry villager, partake the felicity of rustic mirth. Oh! we shall be very, very happy!

Enter SEYMOUR, SIR CHARLES *and* LADY CAVENDISH, LORD DORVILLE, *and* CHATTER.

DORVILLE (*runs to her*).

My Emily!

CLEAVELAND.

Stand off—pollute her not with your infective hand.

DORVILLE.

Mr. Cleaveland, hear me.

CLEAVELAND.

Sir, I want no defence.—We need no farther communication. My Emily and I shall retire from the world, to our sequestered cot, where deceit and villainy shall never again enter.

L 2

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Come, come, Mr. Cleaveland, you are too severe.

CLEAVELAND.

Mr. Seymour, I am grateful to you for your services; and, at any time, should be glad to more strictly unite in friendship; when I call you a man of honour, I trust I am not deceived.

SEYMOUR.

You honour me by your good opinion; but now, permit me to say one word for Lord Dorville.

CLEAVELAND.

Not one word.

SEYMOUR.

How! a foldier, and refuse to show mercy to a fallen foe! Cleaveland, this is not generous.

DORVILLE.

Nay, you shall hear me. As a man of honour, you cannot deny me justice, and justice demands that you should hear my defence. 'Tis I have wronged; 'tis I am to make atonement; 'tis you are injured, and you must hear a concession.

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville, I forgive you, from my soul; no concession need be made.

CHATTER.

CHATTER.

Sir, your name's Cleaveland, I presume. Permit me to say :

“ He that commits a sin shall quickly find,
The pressive guilt lie heavy on his mind.
Though bribes or favour shall assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless ; and elude the laws ;
None quits himself, his own impartial thought
Will damn, and Conscience will record the fault.”

DORVILLE.

Cleaveland, I loved your daughter, still love her to adoration ; 'twas my giddy youth, and warmth of passion, drove me to the act of seducing her from her home ; but still, her mind's unsullied, she's innocent as Heaven.

CHATTER.

“ Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence ;
The surest guard is Innocence :
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
What poison'd darts or arrows were ;
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Lybian sands, and Scythian snows ;
Or, where Hydaspes's wealthy fide,
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.”

CLEAVELAND.

Is my Emily innocent, then ?

DORVILLE.

Her honour is untarnished.

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND (*embracing her*).

Dearer to me than ever!

SEYMOUR (*aside*).

We shall effect a reconciliation.

DORVILLE.

You are a soldier; and, I trust, I'm speaking to a feeling heart. Cleaveland, I love your daughter, much as life; bless me with her hand, and make me happy, though, for a time, I have made you miserable.

CLEAVELAND.

Take it—there—now, you are my children. A good heart often obeys the mandates of a thoughtless head; I am content to think you would not make her unhappy willingly, or make me miserable. There, take her, and may you be happy!

DORVILLE.

My Emily! blessed with thee, now am I indeed completely happy.

EMILY.

Kind father, your goodness overpowers me.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Mr. Cleaveland, and now give me leave to present to you a reclaimed libertine. Come, Sir Charles, come forward; let Mr. Cleaveland preach you a lesson of morality—and against gaming.

CHATTER.

“ If gaming does an aged fire entice,
 Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
 And shakes in hanging sleeves the little box and
 dice. }

But then, my study was to cog the dice,
 And dextrously to throw the lucky fice;
 To shun an ace, that swaps the stakes away,
 And watch the box, for fear they should convey
 False bones, and put upon me in the play.” }

SIR CHARLES.

Well! my dear, I, like Lord Dorville, see my
 error, and will endeavour to improve.

CLEAVELAND.

Oh! this day, we can a pardon seal for all. All,
 all shall share the general joy.

Enter O'NEALE and SUSAN.

O'NEALE.

And, by my soul! but come along, and the de-
 vil burn me, if this is not the happiest day of
 O'Neale's life!—Joy be to you, mistress and master,
 and to all this good company.

SEYMOUR.

Well! O'Neale, thou art an honest soul, and
 shalt be rewarded.

O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

And please you, my master, to make O'Neale happy, he must have the girl of his heart; and so, Susan and I have been talking about matrimony; and sure enough we have agreed about it. However we may after, we can't tell; but you see, I let her have her way.

CLEAVELAND.

I think I can behold the dawning rays of felicity beaming on the countenance of all present. May it be an ominous preface to our future happiness!

CHATTER (*advancing to the audience*).

The Author pens his play on moral ground,
In Virtue's praise he bids the trump to sound;
Again he'll raise the pen in Virtue's cause,
Knowing him blest'd by gaining your applause.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN;

BUT, FOR REASONS, WITHHELD,

WRITTEN BY W. H. IRELAND;

AUTHOR OF THE ABBESS, &c.

THE court is fill'd; the judges rang'd around;
 Each critic eyes me with a look profound.
 Dismay'd I stand: how shall I plead my cause?
 Gentle, my Lords, pray grant one moment's pause—
 For, much I fear, your feelings will revolt;
 I come t' extenuate a husband's fault.
 To prove, that, if I fled an honour'd fire,
 My frailty merits not your vengeful ire.
 Are we not all by Nature prone to stray?
 Nature, who rules us with unrivall'd sway,
 Whose mighty pow'r each action doth controul,
 Who moves the inmost workings of the soul!
 'Twas the first error: who from fault is free?
 Are none here guilty, save my Lord, and me?
 Can each stern judge his actions past retrace?
 Will no compunctuous glow o'erspread his face?
 To you, my female hearers, I'll appeal;
 You, whose soft soul can Love's warm impulse feel.
 Have none yet err'd? Nay, nay, your fault I'll scan,
 Veil not your blushing face behind your fan.

M

The

The truth's proclaim'd; the fair one heaves a sigh;
 For, Nature's fault beams from each heav'nly eye;
 Whose dazzling lustre hath some youth beguil'd,
 Now, hopeless, wand'ring through the desert wild.
 What, then! you're silent! nay, if it be so,
 'Twere coward-like to taunt the vanquish'd foe.
 To you, O! men, I'll now my suit address;
 If I speak truth, will ye the truth confess?
 Have ye not oft' times sworn, and us'd your art,
 To gain the unsuspecting maiden's heart?
 And, when the silly girl believ'd your strain,
 Have ye not heard her sigh, and weep in vain?
 Ah! 'tis too true; the charge you can't deny;
 Nay, do not frown, th'event you dare not try.
 Yet, soft! there's one, this night hath gone astray;
 I mean the trembling author of our play.
 A youth, unskill'd in the great drama's laws,
 A timid candidate for your applause.
 Spare Nature's Faults; he only strove to please:
 Pray, join your hands, and give his bosom ease.



THE END.

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